

HERALD EXTRA.

NEWBURYPORT, APRIL 15, TWO O'CLOCK.

APPALLING CIRCUMSTANCE!

THE PRESIDENT DEAD!

Escape of the Murderer!

ATTEMPT ON THE LIFE OF SECRETARY SEWARD.

J. Wilkes Booth, the Actor, the Assassin.

[TO THE ASSOCIATED PRESS]

Washington, April 14. President Lincoln and wife visited the theatre this evening, for the purpose of witnessing the performance of the American Cousin. It was announced in the papers that Gen. Grant would also be present, but that gentleman took the late train of cars for New Jersey. The theatre was densely crowded, and every body seemed delighted with the scene before them. During the third act, and while there was a temporary pause for one of the actors to enter, a sharp report of a pistol was heard, which merely attracted attention, but suggested nothing serious until a man rushed to the front of the President's box, waving a long dagger in his right hand, exclaiming "Sic semper tyrannis!" and immediately leaped from the box, which was in the second tier, to the stage beneath and ran across to the opposite side, making his escape amid the bewilderment of the audience from the rear of the theatre, and, mounting a horse, fled.

The screams of Mrs. Lincoln first disclosed the fact to the audience that the President had been shot, when all present rose to their feet, rushing toward the stage, many exclaiming: "Hang him! hang him!" The excitement was of the wildest possible description, and of course there was an abrupt termination of the theatrical performance.

There was a rush toward the President's box, when cries were heard "Stand back and give him air!" "Has any one stimulants?" On a hasty examination it was found that the President had been shot through the head above and back of the temporal bone, and that some of the brain was oozing out. He was removed to a private house opposite the theatre, and the Surgeon General of the Army and other surgeons were sent for to attend to his condition.

On an examination of the private box blood was discovered on the back of the cushioned rocking chair on which the President had been sitting, also on the partition and on the floor. A common single barreled pocket pistol was found on the carpet.

A military guard was placed in front of the private residence to which the President had been conveyed. An immense crowd was in front of it, all deeply anxious to learn the condition of the President. It had been previously announced that the wound was mortal, but all hoped otherwise. The shock to the community is terrible. At midnight the Cabinet, with Messrs. Sumner, Colfax and Farnsworth, Judge Curtis, Governor Oglebay, Gen. Meigs, Col. Hay, and a few personal friends, with Surgeon Geo. Barnes and his immediate assistants, were around his bedside.

The President was in a state of syncope, totally insensible and breathing slowly. The blood oozed from the wound at the back of his head. The surgeons exhausted every effort of medical skill, but all hope was gone. The passing of his family with the dying President is too sad for description.

The President and Mrs. Lincoln did not start for the theatre until 15 minutes after 8 o'clock. Speaker Colfax was at the White House at the time, and the President stated to him that he was going, although Mrs. Lincoln had not been well, because the papers had announced that he and General Grant were to be present, and as Gen. Grant had gone North he did not wish the audience to be disappointed. He went with apparent reluctance, and urged Mr. Colfax to go with him, but that gentleman had made other arrangements, and with Mr. Ashman of Massachusetts bid him good-bye.

When the excitement at the theatre was at its wildest height reports were circulated that Secretary Seward had also been assassinated. On reaching this gentleman's residence, a crowd and a military guard were found at the door, and on entering it was ascertained that the reports were based on truth.

Everybody there was so excited that scarcely an intelligible word could be gathered; but the facts are substantially as follows:

About ten o'clock a man rang the door bell, and the call having been answered by a colored servant, he said he had come from Dr. Verdi, Mr. Seward's family physician, with a prescription, at the same time holding in his hand a small piece of folded paper, and saying, in answer to a refusal, that he must see the Secretary, as he was entrusted with particular directions concerning the medicines. He insisted on going up, although repeatedly informed that no one could enter the chamber. The man pushed the servant aside and walked heavily toward the Secretary's room, and was there met by Frederick Seward, of whom he demanded to see the Secretary, making the same representation which he did to the servant. What further passed in the way of colloquy is not known, but the man struck him on the head with a billy, severely injuring the skull and leaving him almost senseless.

The assassin then rushed into the chamber and attacked Major Seward, Paymaster of U. S. Army, and Mr. Hansel, of the State Department and two male servants, disabling them all. He then rushed upon the Secretary, who was lying in bed in the same room, and inflicted three stabs in the neck, but severing, it is thought and hoped, no arteries, though he bled profusely. The assassin then rushed down stairs un molested, mounted his horse at the door, and rode off before an alarm could be sounded, and in the same manner as the assassin of the President.

It is believed that the injuries of the Secretary are not fatal, nor those of either of the others, although both the Secretary and Assistant Secretary are very seriously injured. Secretaries Stanton and Welles and other prominent officers of the government called at Secretary Seward's house to inquire into his condition, and there heard of the assassination of the President.

Death of Mr. Lincoln Officially Announced.

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, }
April 15th, 8 A. M. }

To Major Gen Dix:

Abraham Lincoln died this morning at twenty-two minutes after seven o'clock.

E. M. STANTON, Secretary of War.

Fred. W. Seward Dead--The Messenger of the State Department Dead.

WASHINGTON, April 15, 8 A. M.

The remains of the President are being laid out in state at the White House.

Frederick W. Seward died at 8 o'clock. He remained unconscious after being stabbed.

Mr. Hansell, messenger in State Department, who was with Mr. Seward at the time of the assassination has died.

Concerning the Murderers.

WASHINGTON, April 15, 8 A. M.

It is now ascertained with reasonable certainty that two assassins were engaged in the horrible crime. Wilkes Booth was the man that shot the President. The other was a companion of his whose name is not known, but whose description is so clear that he can hardly escape. It appears from a letter found in Booth's trunk that the murder was planned before the 4th of March but fell through then because the accomplice backed out until Richmond could be heard from. Booth and his accomplice were at the livery stable at 6 o'clock last evening, and left there with their horses about 10 o'clock, or shortly before that hour. It would seem that they had several days been seeking their chance, but for some unknown reason it was not carried into effect until last night. One of them has evidently made his way to Baltimore.

Wilkes Booth Arrested.

WASHINGTON, April 15.

J. Wilkes Booth, the assassinator, has been arrested.

Andrew Johnson Inaugurated.

A despatch from Washington at 12 o'clock, announces that Vice President Johnson has taken the oath of office, and is now President of the United States.

The Washington Tragedy.

Saturday morning brought us the sad intelligence of the most shocking crime in the annals of our history, and are not surpassed by any in the history of the world. It came like a shock from heaven upon the whole community, paralyzing the people that all business was suspended, and indeed with most persons all orderly thought. If it had occurred four years ago it would not have been unexpected, for all felt that the President and chief officers of the nation were in danger every hour. But now it was different; we were fondly hoping that we had seen the worst—that we had seen all—that the end had come; and thoughts of war were giving place to hopes of peace—all cries of vengeance for the rebels and traitors were being lost in tones of mercy, as we would have welcomed them once more to the Union and the shelter and protection of the old flag.

And in this action none were more forward than the President and his chief Secretary, who forgot themselves and all personal for the good of their country and the desire of its restoration to peace and unity. But they were not alone; the leading men of the administration party—Greeley, Sumner, Ward Beecher, and men of that class, on whom they had no claims, were with them. Why, in God's name, any man favorable to the rebel cause could have been so mad and insane, under those circumstances, as to have done such a deed—to have enacted such a tragedy—passes our comprehension! It is a mystery that time alone can solve. They have not only stricken down the head of the nation and thereby committed a crime that is without parallel in this century, but they have murdered their own best friends, and made their own case desperate. No more can they hope for leniency; no more can they expect one month to be opened to save them from the direst punishments known to the law—known to Christian civilization.

The cry will go out for blood, and terrible will be the punishment—as terrible as has been the crime. We tremble at the consequence that it may involve.

But while we foresee this result as inevitable, let us in the midst of great calamity use all the prudence and thoughtfulness possible. It is time for us to humble ourselves before God, and to seek of Him direction, and not trust ourselves to the surging tide of passion. Let each man feel that he is a responsible guardian of the public peace, and allow no words or action that shall stir to deeds of violence. The masses in sorrow—many actually in tears, as though death had come to their own doors and heart-tones—are yet terribly nervous and excited. Let us hope that what has happened in Washington, will be all of violence and bloodshed in the loyal portion of the country.

The death of Mr. Lincoln is a mournful event to his family and the nation. He has died in the strength of his days, only 56 years of age—and apparently when most needed by the nation. For himself it is not so unfortunate. His record is made up, and he can do nothing to injure it. It will stand by the record of Washington, and his fame, now that martyrdom is added to patriotism and purity, will not be inferior to that of the Father of his Country. Gloriously will he live as the Emancipator, who gave his life for the Republic; for none doubt he would willingly have laid it down, if that would have restored the nation. He has acted the part of a wise statesman, and to the North and the South alike he has exercised a fatherly tenderness.—Had he lived another day or week, he might have made some mistake in his policy; now he will go down in history the Great Chief who lived and ruled in the most trying and doubtful period of the Republic, and has left a record unmarred by a mistake.—The country will mourn him while time shall last.

As we write, all the church bells are sounding his dirge; but more sadness is in the voice of every person we meet, than the sounding metal, reminding us of human frailty, can utter.

It will be seen, that Andrew Johnson of Tennessee, has taken the oath of office as President of the United States—the seventeenth President of the Republic. We have faith that he will show himself a man fitted for this occasion—for the vindication of his own and the country's honor.

We issue this extra, giving all intelligence in relation to the tragedy in Washington, up to noon, as now a day, in the press of events, seems to be an age, and it will be a long period to our regular issue on Monday morning.

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